Fin de un sueño

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/66826303.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandom:
Limbus Company (Video Game)

Relationship:
Don Quixote | Sancho (Limbus Company)/Reader

Characters:
Don Quixote | Sancho (Limbus Company), La Manchaland's Don Quixote (Limbus Company), Reader

Additional Tags:
Angst, Canon-Typical Violence, Blood Magic, Vampires, Starvation, Betrayal, Mental Anguish, Anger, Rivalry, Other Additional Tags to Be Added

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-06-23 Words: 2,782 Chapters: 1/?

Fin de un sueño

by Bordementions

Summary

Sancho isn’t too pleased with the knight that her father has been fraternizing with lately

Notes

Sancho is gonna beat the shit out of the reader and drink their blood

Self indulgent whump angst to fulfill my evil freak pervert incel chud desires

This is mainly an introductory chap that I just wanted to shill out

I'm gonna vomit everywhere

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

A great resounding symphony of strikes echoes beneath the rose-gold sky.

A rhythm so relentless and thunderous it mimics a summer storm beating down on desolate ramparts. The courtyard of the castle bleeds naught but mere motion and contact, the air filled with the clash of ideals made manifest through steel and sanguine.

Your blades spark bright as they scrape and parry against a spiraling helix of red—the lance of La Manchaland's own Don Quixote. It is no ordinary weapon. Forged of hardblood, born from the arterial depths of his own near-immortal body, it gleams in layered facets like ruby glass, veins pulsing faintly beneath the surface as though the weapon breathes with its own life.

But whether a weapon be made of steel or blood, the force behind the blow of a First Kindred is staggering. Each swing displaces the air with an audible noise of a whipping current, crashing into your guard and leaving the bones in your arms aching from the shock. But there is no malice in the blows. No hatred.

It can only be described as simple joy.

"Haha! What vigor, what gallantry! Truly, thou bringest such splendor to this once grey home, O gallant Fixer!"

His voice rings out across the courtyard, bright and booming as if in attendance to a telecom. He speaks like a knight of old, and yet he laughs like a man discovering something new and precious with every exchanged blow. The glint in his crimson eyes is childlike—a spark of pure, unfiltered delight, as though your swordplay is a gift, the greatest pleasentry he could be bestowed.

He twirls his lance—twirls it—as if the monolithic weapon weighs nothing more than a cheap imitation. It spins in his grasp with comical ease, sending droplets of clotted blood scattering like petals from a flower, crystalline bullets seeking every surface in reach. At a speed barely slow enough for you to deflect without burdening major injury.

"Would every duel between us were sung of in ballad and banner!" he bellows again.

You don't even have time to answer that before the lance comes plummeting down lightning fast. With no other option you dive to the side, landing hard on your shoulder, the breath punched clean from your lungs. You roll, twist on instinct, and slash—each swords darting out in a fluid crossing motion meant to cripple his stance.

They connect, this should be it. Two precise strikes that would put any seasoned fixer out of work for the rest of their career.

But the sound is not rending flesh, more akin to the screech of metal skating on glass—the strike glancing uselessly off a hardened outgrowth of blood shielding his side, erupting into a starburst of orange sparks.

"If only it were so easy!" He turns with a dancer's pivot, completely unbothered by your attempt, and swings the long shaft of his weapon in a low, sweeping arc.

Fuck.

You block it—barely.

The blow knocks you from you flying from your once stable footing, skidding backward as your boots gouge at the ancient stones for traction. You land on one knee, panting, arms trembling, the muscles of your shoulders alight with fire. Your heart thuds against your ribs like a goddamn war drum. The fatigue already creeping in fast. Fighting Don Quixote is never a matter of brute strength—it is a war of attrition against an eternal optimist who never seems to tire.

He stands tall.

Unmarked.

Unsullied.

Blood spirals in the air around him, suspended in a delicate dance, the way oil slicks catch sunlight—beautiful, reflective glare. It glows faintly in the late-day sun, like a saint's halo cast in viscera.

"Marvelous! Another tie, is it then?" he exclaims, not even winded.

With a simple flick of his wrist, the great lance crumbles into motes of red mist. The particles dissipate into the dry air, drawn back into the castle's very being. The moment the weapon vanishes, Don raises both hands and bows deeply, his hair tumbling like bleached strands of

parchment around his shoulders.

“A third, by my count! Mayhaps it is none other than fate that neither of us claims victory, but only the tale to tell of it, aye?”

You exhale through your teeth. Another stalemate, hardly if he had so wished to end you. Your knuckles tighten around your hilts before you sheathe your swords. You’d nearly had him—again—but nearly meant little against a man who fought not for dominance, but for delight. Still, a hint of pride curls your lip upward. One day. One strike. It’ll land true. He’ll see.

Don doesn’t notice your silence. He’s already spinning in place like a man swept up in his own ballad.

“Now! I must stray for but a moment—there is a confection I have bade Sancho prepare for your latest adventure!” He claps his hands together excitedly, nearly skipping toward the pillared hall that leads deeper into the heart of the castle. “An ambrosial little tart I learned about from a nearby village—Oh, 'tis a treat like none other, I assure thee!”

You raise a brow, but say nothing. He turns, walking backward now, his coat fluttering behind him in the wind like a war banner at rest.

“Seat thyself and I’ll be back in but a blink!” he shouts, waving. “Do not move a muscle! For thy place at the table is sacrosanct!”

And with that, Don Quixote vanishes down the hall, still humming some ancient tune you couldn’t begin to name, probably from some long forgotten century you were never around to hear about.

You exhale slowly and slump onto the stone steps that ring the arena. Your body sings with pain, but your mind? It dances. He’s like no other. Not a monster. Not a tyrant. A dreamer—terribly powerful, undeniably dangerous, yet somehow brighter than anyone else you've fought.

Maybe that’s why you keep coming back, to encounter another who can dream so vividly despite their longevity. For hope to expound in someone so experienced, you could ask for—

“You are relentless, aren’t you?”

The voice near stabs you straight through the ear like a needle—not raised in challenge, but condemnation. Cold and bitter. You feel the

weight of it settle on your shoulders before you even turn.

She stands beneath the broken archway at the enetrance, Sancho, a Second Kindred of the Manchengan Family.

Her silhouette is hard against the amber light bleeding through the cracks in the sky. Not as radiant or flamboyant as her Father, but still arresting in her own way. Her golden hair glows despite the waning sun waving out, despite no wind to carry it. Her coat—black as old blood—hangs sharp across her shoulders, accenting the lean lines of her frame.

But it's her eyes that hit hardest. Not just because they are cut from the same crimson hue as Don's, but because where his are filled with stories and song, hers are brimming with resentment. With betrayal. They burn as they land on you—simmering embers of loathing.

"You return here. Again. And again." Her boots click across the cracked cobblestone with the weight of judgment in every step. "Like a tick. Like some stubborn parasite trying to burrow into his brain and suck out what little clarity he still has left."

You stand slowly, body still aching from the duel, but the way she looks at you makes the pain feel secondary. The scowl on her face is not the scowl of a soldier facing a rival. It is the scowl of a person watching a stranger dismantle her world piece by piece.

"I told you not to come back." Her arms stay to her sides, fists grasping in a hold that could likely shatter ore. "I've told you—time after time. But still you arrive. Still you sing your saccharine tales and spin your glistening illusions for him to gobble up like a starving child."

She stops a few paces from you, staring up with her head slightly tilted—not in curiosity. Appraisal. Disdain.

"You think you're a storyteller. But you're not. You're a thief. A thief who comes bearing dreams you know will never grow, that can NEVER grow. You come with hollow words that he will gladly empty his already full hands to hold. Empty every drop, just so he can them with your fantasies."

She seems to bite back some other thought for a moment before continuing.

"And every time he listens—every time that cursed sparkle returns to

his eyes—I watch him drift farther from us."

Her voice begins to crack, but she steadies it with a sharp breath and clenched teeth. The discipline is visible in her every movement. She's had years to perfect it, discipline taught to her as a place to hold in this family she has become a part of.

"You don't see what it does to him. You don't see what it does to us."

She gestures outward—toward the shadowed castle halls where footsteps echo, where voices sound muted yet aloud, where the chandeliers sway with eyes to gaze up at them. A house vibrant with the vast family who inhabits it.

You open your mouth, but she cuts you off before a word can form.

"Don't. Don't you dare try to justify it."

Her voice rises now. Not a shout—but louder than she's likely let herself speak in months.

"La Mancha was for us. For the Family. It was a sanctuary—a place we could live under our father no different from any of the accursed humans who share this land."

She begins to pace, slowly, as if the words need to be kept moving or they'll crush her.

"But now? We starve. We suffer. While he tells the tailors to craft costumes for imaginary parades. While he teaches the youngest of use how to bow and curtsy to ghosts. While he sings epics about peace to a Family writhing in thirst."

Her steps halt. She turns again—closer now. You can see her hands trembling at her sides.

"It's your fault."

Three words. Simple as that.

"You let him believe that it's possible. That we could walk among humans. That they would welcome us with open arms. That the thirst could be forgotten like a scar. You know it's a lie."

"You have to know."

She steps forward again. The wind shifts—and you can smell blood

still hanging on your clothes from the duel. Her nostrils flare slightly, but she keeps going.

“You came here with your stories. Your noble Fixer dreams. And you fed them to a man desperate to believe them. A man who still calls himself Father. Who still calls me his daughter, even as he turns his face from the pain of his own Family.”

She shakes her head—once, sharply, as if trying to throw off a memory too heavy to bear.

“He doesn't see us anymore. He sees a stage. A fantasy. And you're the playwright he's dying to please.”

Her voice wavers again, and this time she doesn't recover so easily.

“He looks at you with brighter eyes than he's looked at me in years. And that—that is your doing.”

The accusation doesn’t just carry bitterness. It carries hurt. And somewhere, buried beneath the storm of anger, you see it: fear. That he’s already gone. That your stories have stolen him.

Her boots grind against the crumbling stones beneath her feet, each step crackling like a firm strike to thinning ice.

“But you will never understand that insurmountable pain. You will NEVER understand.”

Her tone is lower now, but more dangerous for it. A tremor rides just under the surface—one born not of fear, but from having swallowed too many tears she was never allowed to cry. Her gaze narrows, and you feel it—not just her eyes on you, but her Father’s disappointment projected through her. His absence. The phantom weight of expectations.

Her hands clench into fists so tight they tremble. The claws at her fingertips twitch like they want to pierce through flesh.

“Every word you speak to him is another lash across our backs. Another day he spends dancing through empty halls, humming songs to no one, smiling at things that aren’t here. The pain of what its like to beg him—to scream at him to see us—only for him to pat your head and call it a jest.”

She laughs then, a dry, choking sound. No humor in it. Not anymore.

“You are the cause of that, this filthy vermin who has taken residence in our lovely home.”

Her lips twitch into a snarl. Not bestial—but raw. Human, in the way only pain can make someone human.

“I watched him decorate graves with ribbons and call them dreams. And all the while, he quotes you. Tells your stories like scripture. You became the author of his new gospel, and I… I became just another worshiper expected to smile and listen.”

Her foot slams forward, and her presence feels suddenly close—oppressively close.

“And you don’t even regret it, do you?”

You say nothing. You don’t deny her words. You don’t step back. And maybe that’s what makes her angrier than anything else.

“You don’t carry guilt. You don’t ache when you see what he’s become. You look at him and you smile, like a man proud of the fire he helped kindle—even as it burns those who really love him to cinders.”

She begins to pace again, back and forth, her voice gaining speed now—more breathless, unraveling as her fury breaks against the dam of her composure.

“No matter how I speak to him, no matter how I plead, I can see it. Your tales—the fables, the fantasies—they’ve rooted in him. They've taken hold like rot in the foundation. He talks of peace now. Of dressing up in costumes, of walking hand-in-hand with humans as we trade stories and dance.”

She scoffs, stopping in place.

“Parades,” she spits. “Parades. That is what he concerns himself with, a First Kindred. A creature who once brought a District to heel.”

You shift, instinctively—perhaps trying to speak, trying to explain that you meant no harm, that you believed in what you said. But the flicker of movement is all she needs.

“Don't.” She lashes out, a strike that could've broken your jaw if it was any closer. “Don’t try to dignify it. You came to him with your supposed freedom, your "Dream of Tomorrow"—and he, who already

stood upon that tomorrow, looked at it like a gift."

She steps forward again, slow and deliberate. Her gaze tightens, glassy and hard.

"Was it not enough for you? That he gave you his time? His trust? Must you also take his eyes from us—his own blood? Must you cast a veil over him so thick he no longer sees the Family starving? Starving, Fixer. Not just for sustenance—but for him."

The way she says "Fixer" makes it sound like a slur.

"Because whether you mean it or not, whether you wear that look of innocence or not… he follows your voice. He follows it like a child hearing a bedtime tale, and every word you whisper into his ear digs us deeper into a dream we never asked for."

Her hands are trembling again—but now they're not just fists. They're claws. The air thickens with the scent of blood from your wounds—drying, crusting, but still potent. Her hunger is not separate from her grief; they are twins, starving and fused at the spine.

"Do you know what it feels like," she whispers, stepping in close enough now that you can feel the heat of her breath on your cheek, "to be the afterthought in a story that you were once a part of? To be the sacrifice for another man's dream?"

You say nothing. There's nothing to say.

The silence stretches—and she fills it.

"I'll ensure that you can feel it, every damning second."

The boa at her shoulder twitches—those red feathers, like plumes of fire, flexing with unease. As if sensing the tension in her spine, the tautness in her breath, the impending struggle. Her frame seems to tremble, you can tell its of unfettered restraint.

"You'll stay long enough to hear what your stories have done to this place. You'll stay until you understand the cost."

“You’ll feel it, Fixer. The truth beneath your fictions. And I will make you understand exactly what it means to bleed for a fantasy.”

End Notes

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